

Life

OCTOBER 26, 1922

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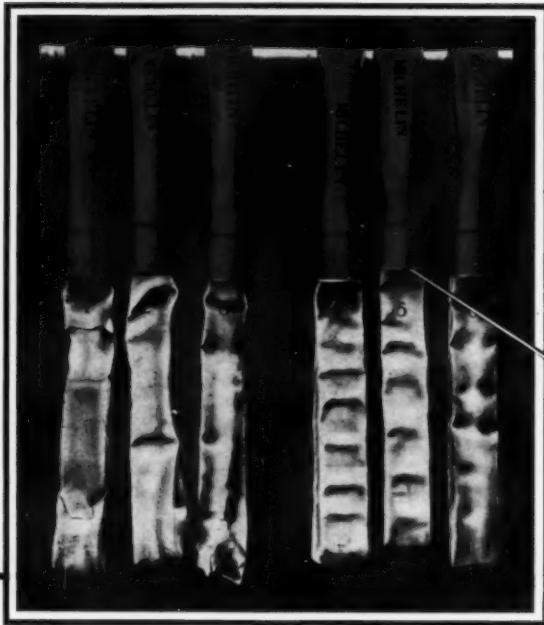
— BILLY KILVERT

A Conscientious Objector

MICHELIN

ring-shaped tubes

EACH of the tubes here shown was made by cementing together half a Michelin Tube and half a tube of some other well known make. The composite tubes were then run to destruction. The Michelin sections retained their life and strength when all the other sections had blown out.



Millions of Dollars Can Be Saved Each Year In This Way

MOST motorists are surprised when they stop to figure how much money can be saved by buying inner tubes more carefully.

It is a common practice to discard the inner tube with every casing that wears out. But this is not at all necessary if Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes are used. They outlast a number of casings.

And more important still is the saving which Michelin Tubes effect in *tire bills*.

It is the general belief that blow-outs are caused by the tire giving way and allowing the tube to blow through the break. But often the tube gives way first. When this

happens the tube is likely to blow its way through the tire if the latter has been weakened in service. And at all events you are certain to run some yards on a totally deflated tire and thus injure it seriously.

Will the tubes you use shorten the life of your tires in this way? Just examine them after they have gone five or ten thousand miles. Inferior tubes will feel hard and lifeless. But Michelin Tubes will have their original toughness and velvety softness. Michelin Tubes will *not* give way. Nor will they develop slow leaks that will injure the tire because of under-inflation.

For economy in tube and tire bills use Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes.

TO USERS OF DISC WHEELS: *Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes can now be had with angle-valves, making inflation easy from the outside of the wheel*

MICHELIN TIRE CO., Milltown, N. J.

Branches in 30 Cities. Dealers Everywhere

Is this offer too good to be true?

Are we offering a value too great to be credible? Do people "shy" at the thought of receiving too much for their money?

We recently mailed several thousand circulars to book-lovers. We described and pictured these thirty volumes of the Little Leather Library honestly, sincerely, accurately. But we received relatively few orders.

Then we mailed several thousand additional circulars to booklovers, this time enclosing a sample cover of one of the volumes illustrated below. Orders came in by the hundred! The reason, we believe, is that most people cannot believe we can really offer so great a value unless they see a sample!

In this advertisement, naturally, it is impossible for us to show you a sample volume. We must depend on your faith in the advertisements appearing in *Life*; and we are hoping you will believe what we say, instead of thinking this offer is "too good to be true."

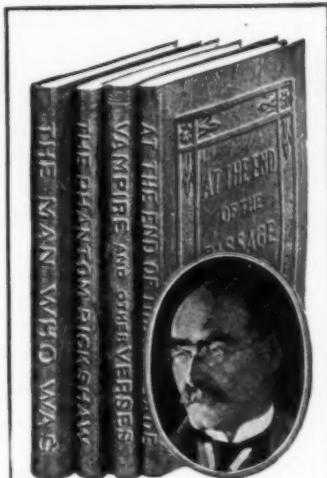
What this offer is

Here, then, is our offer. The illustration below shows thirty of the world's greatest masterpieces of literature. These include the finest works of such immortal authors as Shakespeare, Kipling, Stevenson, Emerson, Poe, Coleridge, Burns, Omar Khayyam, Macaulay, Lincoln, Washington, Oscar Wilde, Gilbert, Longfellow, Drummond, Conan Doyle, Edward Everett Hale, Thoreau, Tennyson, Browning and others. These are books which no one cares to confess he has not read and re-read; books which bear reading a score of times.

Each of these volumes is complete—this is not that abomination, a collection of extracts; the 30 volumes, pocket size, contain over 3,000 pages; the paper is a high-grade white wove antique, equal to that used in books selling at \$1.50 to \$2.00; the type is clear and easy to read; the binding, while NOT leather, is a beautiful limp material, tinted in antique copper and green, and so handsomely embossed as to give it the appearance of hand tooled leather; it is *five times more durable* than leather!

What about the price

The price of this entire set of 30 volumes, exactly as described and illustrated, is \$2.98 plus postage; please bear in mind that there are NO installment payments—no further payments of any kind!



FREE! 4 Volumes of Kipling

4 Volumes of Kipling

To those of us who have been forced to lead drab, laborious lives, Kipling opens up a new, wild, colorful world of the East. His stories, every one of them, are steeped in realism, but it is a realism more fascinating than the wildest imaginings of a romanticist. These four volumes include his best work. Among them are the following: *The Vampire, and Other Verses; The Man Who Was; The Phantom Rickshaw; A Conference of the Fowls; The Secret of the Passage; and The Mutiny of the Mavericks.* *My Own True Ghost Story.*

It? That is the question most often asked.
Answer is simple. These books are produced
million at a time! Quantity production—that is

Testing human nature

These books are made by a body of specially trained workmen. We cannot make a million volumes, discharge these workmen until the edition is sold, and then expect to get the same men again. This body of men must be kept together. The manufacture must be continuous—one edition following the other immediately.

It is worth our while, therefore, to give our customers something valuable if they will co-operate with us by sending in their orders at once. It is worth our while to make an attempt to overcome the bugaboo of procrastination, which haunts so many publishers.

That is the reason, the only reason, we offer you, in addition to the regular set of 30 volumes, **FOUR VOLUMES OF RUDYARD KIPLING FREE, IN EXACTLY THE SAME BINDING AS THE REST OF THE SET**—if you will send in your order at once, instead of waiting.

An experiment—not a precedent

One word more. This offer, as you can gather, is simply an experiment. It must not be taken as a precedent. We do not know whether it will work. We do not know whether **ANYTHING** can keep people from procrastinating, for it is certainly a deep-seated human trait.

In any case, we hope it will keep YOU from procrastinating. If you want this set of books—if you feel that eventually you will buy them—we urge you to do it NOW, instead of LATER, so that you can obtain not only the thirty volumes but the four equally splendid volumes of Kipling. Do not send money. Simply mail the coupon below or a letter.

LITTLE LEATHER LIBRARY CORPORATION
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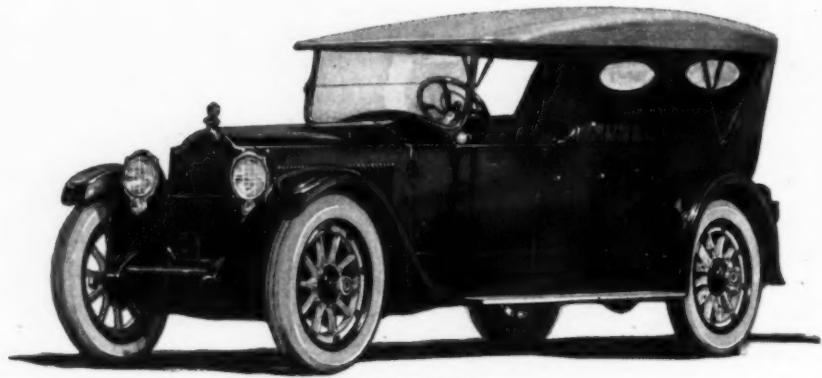
Little
Leather
Library
corporation
Dept. 4810
Burth Ave.
New York City

Please send me on approval the 30 volumes of the Luxe edition of the Little Library (and the four of *Kipling* free). I

pay the postman \$2.98 plus the postage
are upon delivery. It is understood,
however, that this is not to be considered
a purchase. If the books do not interest
every way come up to expectations, I reserve
the right to return them any time within thirty
days, and you agree to return my money. It is
understood that \$2.98 plus the postage is positively
to be paid to me on this set (outstanding
if you can't pay me now).

Name.....
Address.....

The Raycrofters have made a special set of Hand Hammered Copper Book Ends to fit this set. Regular \$2.00 value, our price only 98c. If desired place X in this square



TWIN-SIX TOURING

There is nothing in all the generality of motoring with which to compare or measure the Twin-Six quality of motoring.

It is apart and above—and it is distinct and individual to the Packard Twin-Six.

Here are provided superlative degrees of ease and well-being, which in turn induce superlative degrees of contentment and satisfaction.

Here is embodied a mechanical means of propulsion or progression as nearly effortless as such means can be made in the present day.

These things belong especially to the Packard Twin-Six. They are the special prerogative of the Twin-Six owner.

There is no substitute for them, once they have been experienced; and they are not to be duplicated outside of the Twin-Six itself.

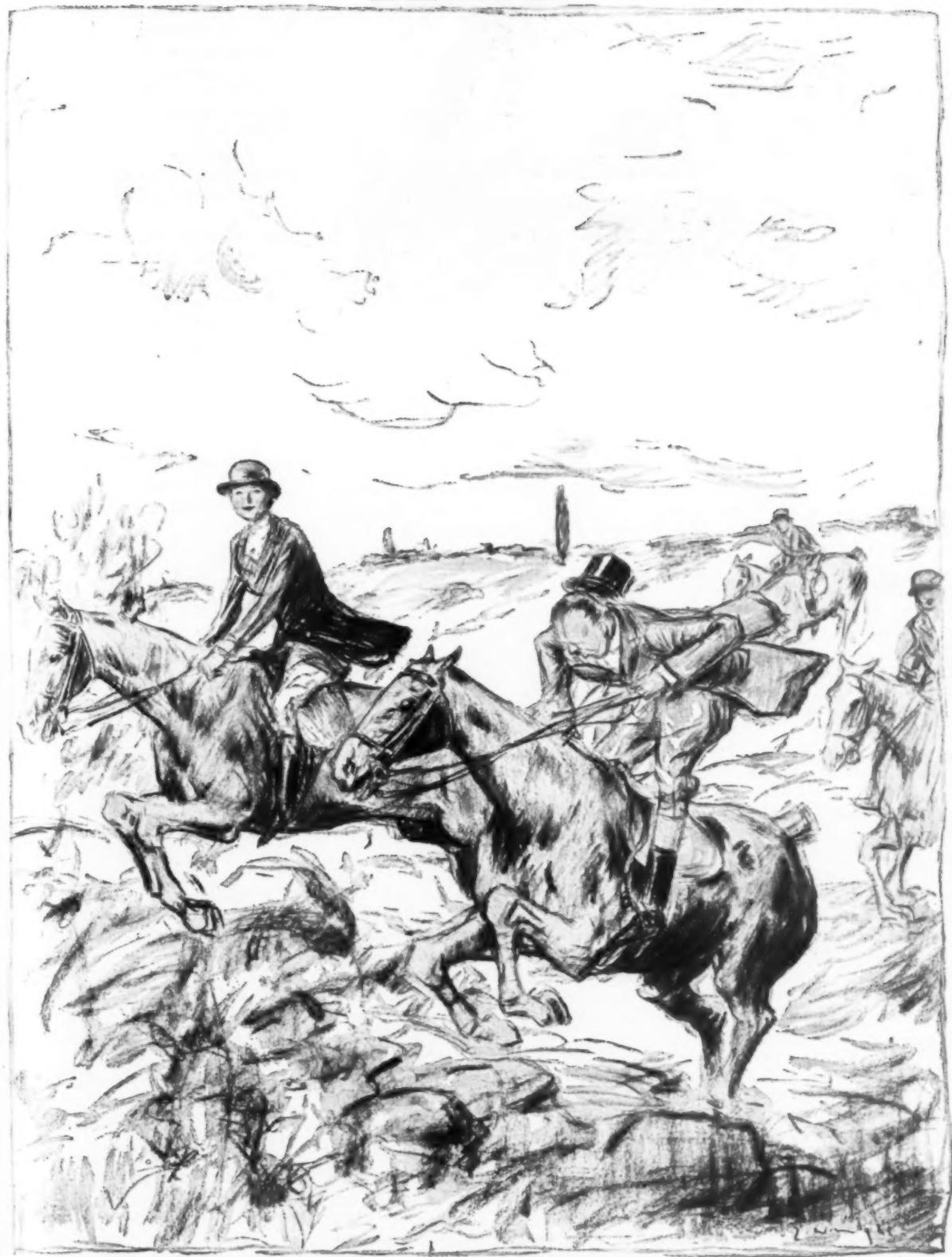
The close-fitting side curtains of the Twin-Six open cars make it possible, by the installation of a heater, to obtain all the practical shelter and warmth of a closed type.

The price of the Twin-Six touring is \$3850 at Detroit
The price of the Single-Six five passenger touring is \$2485 at Detroit

PACKARD TWIN-SIX

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Life



"Wilkins rides to hounds, doesn't he?"

"Well, about halfway."



Mrs. Pep's Diary

October 21st In a twitter this morn-

ing over the determination to move to new lodgings. For when the servants did take the summer coverings off the furniture, our possessions looked shabbier than ever I saw them, and resolved me straightway to sell what we have and begin over again in other surroundings. But Lord! after talking to agents and tramping about town viewing what they had to offer, Shakespeare seemed infallible as to bearing the ills we have. And when I got home, our house did not look so shabby as earlier in the day, neither. . . . To the playhouse this evening to see "Loyalties," wrote by John Galsworthy, the Englishman. A deft piece of work, and well enough acted, too. But on the way home I fell a-thinking of what it was all about, and greatly shocked to realize that it had taught me nothing except to be careful about whom I asked on house parties. Which I already knew. And so, ruminating on this and that, to bed.

October 22nd My cozen Amy, who is (Lord's Day) come from Watertown to visit us, did prate of going to church before I had so much as looked at the crossword puzzle, and I forced to accompany her, Sam having announced that he preferred to worship God in his out-door temple at Apawamis. The text was the injunction to consider the lilies of the field, and to take no thought as to what we shall eat, wear, etc., but so ill developed that my mind did keep reverting to the duck, which I feared cook would

not do to the proper turn. Not a woman there, neither, with raiment costing less than three or four hundred dollars, and one in front of me with so skilful a drape that when she stood up for the Te Deum I sketched it on the leaf of my prayer-book, against giving it to my sewing-woman on the morrow. . . . Promised this day to read aloud frequently to Mrs. Wilkins, whose physician has forbade her the use of her eyes. And I pray God she will let me choose the books, although she spoke meaningly of W. J. Locke's latest taylor.

October 23rd Awake betimes, with a

depression which I could not rid myself of, and so to a milliner's to buy a hat, inasmuch as a piece of headgear which I cannot afford does me more good at such times than any medicine. Bought a fine one, too, of black felt and silver lace, more modish than it sounds, and at a cost of thirty-five dollars. And the vendueuse did swear to me that it was a Lewis model, albeit the label in the crown was that of her employer. . . . My husband, poor wretch, came in this evening very hot and merry, as if someone had been giving him hooch. At which I was troubled, but said nothing. And he did tell me that he had this day settled all that he lost on the recent series of balle games. But that it will cure him of his gaming tendencies I gravely doubt, for Lord! the man will bet on anything, as when Mr. Cartwright dropped a box of matches, he did lay five dollars that the number spilled was even. B. L.

The Polishers

CIRCUMSTANCES hardly worth confiding,
(Innocent, but very dull, as well)
Find me temporarily residing
In a small, respectable hotel.
Here, as I pursue my daily labors,
Here, as I would seek a night's
repose,
I am well aware of many neighbors
And of many secrets they disclose.

Since the windows of my neat but modest
Chambers open on a little court,
It is given me to hear the oddest
Sounds that appertain to indoor sport.

I can hear a fellow strop his razor,
I can hear another curse his wife—
Using epithets that might amaze her
Were she not inured to such a life.

In the window opposite is sitting,
Rocking in a comfortable chair,
One who, though the afternoon is flitting,

All the afternoon is sitting there.
Would you know the task she is pursuing

Which a three-hour vigilance entails?

What is she so diligently doing?
She is fixing up her finger-nails!

Evening draweth on, and still she lingers,
Though the hour approacheth dinner time,
Spending much more time upon her fingers

Than do I in polishing this rhyme;
Well, and is my task the more idyllic,
That I build between us such a wall?

My work is trochaic—hers, dactylic—
Is there such a difference, after all?

Lady, ere thou gowest thee, and startest

For thy dinner, gorgeously arrayed,
Pray forgive a blundering fellow-artist

That he thought thee but an idle jade!

Haply, were we poets better scholars,
Thou couldst teach a profitable thing;

My work may obtain me forty dollars—

Thine may cop a high-priced diamond ring! T. R.

The Election Day Talkers

"... had a notion to call you and ask you what you were going to wear. I asked Jim at breakfast if he thought my suit and a tailored hat would be all right, but he's so unsatisfactory. He said he didn't think it would influence the result. Are you going to vote a straight ticket? I did the last time. A straight ticket is nice, but it's all over so soon."

"... like to vote for that Mr. Smyth for Congress. I heard him speak; that is, I would have if we hadn't been just a half-hour late. I like his picture; such good eyes. Still, I can't vote for him unless I split my ticket, can I? I don't think it's right for them to complicate things like that, do you?"

"... ready for us? No; you go in first. I wish we could go in together. It would be ever so much nicer.

We could talk about our ballots."

"... already? I wonder if they'll wait a minute? I seem to have lost my list. I wrote down the names on the back of the milk bill last night. Well, I suppose I'll have to go in without it. My dear, wait for me; we'll have time . . . the cunningest little gown . . . right around the corner."

McC. H.

Simple Home Remedy

FOR Matrimonial Heartache: A lump of pride dissolved in a glass of common sense. Swallow immediately and settle with a kiss. Add a dose of wholesome compliments. Repeat as often as needed.

A RANK heathen is a person who thinks the Book of Numbers is the telephone directory.

A Paris!

Sioux Falls? Reno? Out of date!

I'm for Paris, on the Seine,
Where the French don't make you
wait

If you would be free again.

France has got a heart and soul.
Where I bought my trousseau I

Find that with another roll
I my liberty can buy.

South Dakota? Not for me.

Nay. The prairies make me sick.
Vive la France! A Paris! Oui!
There I'll get my freedom quick!

E. S. V. Z.

MALONEY JR.: What's an "amicable settlement," Pa?

MALONEY SR.: A town where there's no Oirish, Oi suppose, sonny.



"Are you certain you love him?"

"My dear, you don't suppose I've been engaged three times without knowing the symptoms."

All Up for "Citizenship Day"

OFFICIAL approval has been accorded the suggestion that November 4th be made a Citizenship Day, "an occasion on which to welcome to the duties and obligations of citizenship those young men and women who have come into citizenship within the preceding twelve months and those of foreign birth who have come into full realization of the duties and privileges of American citizenship."

By way of impressing on our new brothers the "privileges" of citizenship in the United States, the following triumphant procession might be held:

1. *Allegorical Float*, representing the Dignity of the Franchise. A large ballot box, presided over by a

gentleman with a cigar in his mouth, who examines each vote as it is deposited, accepting those which please him and throwing the others into a waste-basket.

At one end of the float is a little group showing a Negro trying to vote in a Southern election district. The Negro himself is not visible, being covered with a tarpaulin on the ground as a result of his effrontery.

At the other end is another group, in which the Voter is shown exercising his prerogatives by accepting a two-dollar bill from a gentleman wearing a badge labeled "Ward Leader."

2. *Allegorical Float*, representing the Dignity of the Law. Here are seen figures representing what are

known as the "Better Sort" of citizens, deftly evading jury duty with expressions of distaste on their faces, while grouped around the figure of Justice are twelve good men and true whose average intelligence is shown on a meter to be .004.

At one end of the float is seen a District Attorney of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts accepting slight gratuities from grateful offenders.

At the other end is shown New York City enforcing the Prohibition laws. Someone seems to be accepting money from someone else in this group, but you can't quite make out who the parties are.

3. *A Body of Marchers*, representing the Privilege of Military Service.



"It's no use; you'll have to turn your face the other way. I simply can't dance with my right cheek."



"Jack looks as if he had lost his best friend."
 "He has; he married her."

In the first squad are soldiers in new uniforms marching off to war. Civilian patriots walk alongside, bearing transparencies reading: "Our Heroes: Nothing Is Too Good For Them" and "Men in Uniform Welcome to Ride as Far as We Go." Lady war-workers are singing, "When you come back (and you *will* come back) there's a whole world waiting for you."

Next comes a squad of stretcher-bearers, to indicate the passing of five years.

Following is a squad of unemployed veterans and immediately behind them, in wheel-chairs, a company of wounded, to whom little or no attention is being paid.

A regiment of colored troops, wearing decorations and acclaimed as "our dusky heroes whose services we shall never forget," is followed by a mob of old-fashioned Southern gentlemen dragging a Negro by a rope to a tree, attended by other old-fashioned Southern gentlemen with brands and baskets for souvenirs.

This procession will proceed to the Fair Grounds, where a speech will be delivered on "The Duties and Privileges of American Citizenship."

R. C. B.

Glimpses of the Honeymoon

THE marriage was an enormous success. The day was cloudless and the clergyman did not falter. And strange to say, the motor car containing the bride and groom bore, securely tacked on the rear wheel, the magic words "Just Married," something that had never been done before in the history of matrimony.

Twelve hours later the following telegram was received:

"Send pink sweater in lower left hand bureau drawer.—Dorothy."

The expressman was called and the sweater packed off.

The next morning came another wire:

"You'll find my slippers somewhere in the closet. Send by special delivery."

During the next day the following were received.

"Send black leather shopping bag—somewhere around. Send side combs. Send gray sport hat; send box of golf balls in desk; send patent leather belt, the one with the emerald snake."

A few days later the father of the bride was on his way in from the

golf links when he met an old friend on the train.

"Oh, by the way," said the friend, "I have just come from Golfing Ridge, where your daughter is passing her honeymoon."

"How is she getting on?"

"Fine. She gave me this memo—something she wants you to send her by express."

"How's the groom?"

"I didn't meet him."

"Where was he?"

"He had left the hotel and was sleeping at the railroad station, looking for goods from home."

T. L. M.

Compulsion

PIGEONS wheeling with a whir
 Only pigeons make,

Falling leaves, a glimpse of her

Struggling with a rake!

Autumn incidents can stir

Memories that sing:

Tender passages occur

Not alone in spring.

R. B. G.

IN Turkey, every man is entitled to life, bigamy and the pursuit of Christians.



Things LIFE Would Rather Like to Know

WHY there is always coal enough in the next town to yours.

* * *

Whether the Kaiser will lose his relative value if he marries against the wishes of his family.

* * *

Whether Charles E. Hughes is a member of the Loyal Order of Beavers.

* * *

The dates of Lenin's death.

* * *

If Siki is going to train for Jack Dempsey by working in a shipyard.

* * *

Whether Sinclair Lewis could say anything in a ten-word telegram.

* * *

Why it isn't most appropriate that James M. Cox should grieve for the woes of minorities.

* * *

What member of the Algonquin Round Table admires himself most.

* * *

How to avoid a yeast sediment.

* * *

Why Nemesis permits the ex-Kaiser to collect royalties both at home and abroad.

* * *

Why H. G. Wells didn't write a book last week.

* * *

Whether President Hopkins didn't say a Dartmouthful.

* * *

Whether William R. Hearst really enjoys being always in the slime-light.

Whether European values are at all improved by the rise of the crescent.

* * *

At what age a millionaire should permit his fifteen-year-old son to drive a twin-six roadster.

* * *

At what age a girl of sixteen should be permitted to go motoring unchaperoned.

* * *

Who lost the war.

* * *

Whether Alton B. Parker and James M. Cox ever met; and, if so, what they conversed about.

* * *

Whether Princess Mrs. Leeds had much difficulty finding a ready-made coronet that fitted.

* * *

Who Clare Sheridan is modelling now.

* * *

What interested Ambassador Harvey most in Scotland during his recent vacation in that country.

* * *

Whether the ex-Kaiser enjoys dictating only to a stenographer.

* * *

Whether Pancho Villa doesn't consider himself a piker as he watches Kemal Pasha.

* * *

Who could possibly have a strong enough constitution to follow the flag.

* * *

Why Greek history doesn't repeat itself.

The Irretrievable Loss

YEARS ago when I was a mere cub reporter beginning my career, I met him first. He was even then a pronounced success and I listened hungrily to his every word as I interviewed him, intent, if possible, on gaining the secret of wealth from his store of knowledge.

"But, sir," I insisted as he told me of his early struggles to the pinnacle, "surely life has not been entirely work for you. Had you no sports, no boyhood vices?"

He shook his head sadly as he retrospected through the ages.

"Ah, yes," he finally admitted, not without reluctance. "I gambled once as a lad. I recall it as only yesterday. Five cents it was I matched against another boy's, and—" here his voice broke sorrowfully—"and I lost. Ah, yes," he concluded, sighing heavily, "all my life I've regretted that first false step."

I saw him yesterday. I was standing on the curb as his limousine halted by the newsstand and he hobbled forth to get his daily paper. He picked it from the counter, searched for several moments his every pocket for the nickel its purchase called for, and then, finding only bills, he laid it gently down again and turned back to the luxurious cushions of his car.

"Ah, yes," I heard him murmur sadly as his chauffeur let in the clutch. "If only I hadn't taken that first false step."

L. M.

My Little Soul

IN church I sit, while all about,
Good people bow in sober
prayer,
In worship earnest and devout—
And yet my little soul goes out
And seeks the open air.

It wanders out among the trees,
It kisses all the grasses slim,
It whispers with the droning bees
While through the windows, on the
breeze,
Come echoes of a hymn.

It flutters up among the throng
Of blossoming leaves that gaily
nod
To welcome it; and while the song
Floats up from worship,—glad and
strong
My little soul finds God.

H. A.





Mother: What do you want a nickel for?

Tillie: So I can buy some candy to eat in front of that horrid girl next door an' not give her any.

The Successful Candidate

THE Successful Candidate leaned back in his chair and listened patiently to the glowing accounts which his Country Cousin furnished of their quondam common home in Crooked Corners. Country Cousins are not easy to listen to patiently, but the Successful Candidate felt particularly well, and at peace with the world. He had run for Alderman, Sheriff, Mayor and Governor without suffering a defeat, and had just been elected United States Senator. In 1944—if his wife lived—he expected to continue the remarkable series of victorious campaigns by being elected President.

Finally, the Country Cousin's reminiscences ceased. There was a long silence, broken only by the quiet, regular breathing of the Successful Candidate.

"And what do you think of the new Tariff?" asked the Country Cousin suddenly.

"Huh? Whatsat?" said the Successful Candidate, starting up in his chair. "Oh, the Tariff. I dunno. Dunno much about it."

The Country Cousin registered surprise. Then he tried again. "What do you think of the new bill in Congress abolishing all States' Rights?" he inquired.

"Oh, that," said the Successful Candidate. "I dunno. Dunno much about it."

Controlling his astonishment, the visitor took another tack.

"Do you approve of the light wine and beer amendment which is gaining momentum?" he queried.

The Successful Candidate smiled. "Oh, that," he said. "Well, some

seem to want it and some don't. But I dunno. Dunno much about it."

"But it's always an issue," reminded the Country Cousin.

"Sure," agreed the Successful Candidate, "has been for twenty years," and lapsed into silence.

The Country Cousin made one last stand. "What is your position on this latest League of Nations idea that has come up? Don't you think all the delegates ought to meet in Crooked Corners this year? They met all over Europe from 1921 to 1930, you know, and of late years they've met in all the big cities of this country. Why not Crooked Corners—they've seen everything else?"

"Well," said the Successful Candidate, "I dunno. I dunno much about that League of Nations idea."



Old Lady (to Major Trotter-Blount, O.B.E., D.S.O., F.R.G.S., who has kindly consented to give a little talk in the Episcopal Church on "Village Life in Tibet"): Ain't it funny, Major, with all your travel an' knockin' about, that this is the first time you've ever been in Riverville!

The Country Cousin exploded. "How on earth did you get elected to so many high offices?" he shouted. "What's your pull? How do you manage it? It seems to me that you 'dunno' anything!"

"Ah, my boy, but that doesn't make any difference," explained the Successful Candidate, with a disarming smile. "You see, back about twenty years ago, I stumbled on a great secret. I once kissed my wife in public, and some newspaper camera men caught me at it. It was a shock to her, of course, but she carried it off mighty well. Ever since then I've been kissing her before hundreds of cameras, before moving picture operators—every campaign. I've even kissed her for the Radio motion pictures, and"—he leaned over confidentially—"I haven't lost ten ballots of the Women's Vote in twice that many years!"

W. D.

Questions in Domestic Science

WHAT is the broom-straw method of testing a cake? What do you do if you have a vacuum cleaner?

Name the nuts of the temperate zone.

What is a (1) level teaspoonful? (2) heaping teaspoonful? (3) heaping knifeful?

The eating is the proof of the pudding. What is indigestion?

How are wild strawberries produced? Does it do any good to tease the tame ones?

There are 200 ways of cooking eggs. How about the remaining 165 mornings? Which side is bread buttered on?

Name, locate, and give the telephone number of the nearest delicatessen.

C. K. V. R.

The Stranger

IF I but knew you less, my dear,
You'd be far more a friend,
And near to me as you were near
Before illusion's end.

For when I knew you less you spelt
All that I hoped could be,
You were as close as dreams long
felt,
As much a part of me.

And I have let those days slip by,
To know you as you are!
'Tis strange to find a firefly
More distant than a star.

R. L. J.

The Transformation

"SOMETIMES a luxury becomes a necessity."

"Yes—immediately if your neighbor has it!"



"But, my dear girl, you shouldn't say things like that about yourself."

"Oh, I tell everything . . . I'm so afraid of being found out."

A Slight Matter of Opinion

"They have got the gold of the world, but we have saved our souls." —Rudyard Kipling, as reported in an interview with Clare Sheridan.

CONFIDENTIAL - LIKE, an' between me an' you," said Private Orthoris as he stuffed his pipe with the last of his tobacco, "wot's got into the Big 'Un? Wot's all this randy-dandy between him an' the Yanks?"

"Orth'ris, me bye," replied Mulvaney, "are ye a recruting to be be-lavin' all that ye hear, wheriver ye hear ut?"

"But it's all in the paper," protested Orthoris, "as *pukka* as you please."

"As I don't plaze, ye baboon. An' fwhat's the paaper said the Beetle has said that's troublin' yer poor half-mind?"

"E says the Yanks lorst their perishin' souls in the Great War."

"Did he now? Fwhat the Yanks losht in the Great War was their beer. Give it to um again, an' fer all you know, an' fer all I know an' fer all Misther Kipling knows, their losht souls will come back, waggin' their tales ahint um. That's *my* mind on ut."

"But 'e don't leave orf there, Mulvaney. 'E says they come into the scrap too late, an' stopped it too soon. An' havin' stopped it, they walked orf, leavin' the mess to be policed by the rest of us. Not wot there ain't others as has said the same, an' them bein' Yanks themselves."

"It's a free man's inborn right to curse his governmint, Orth'ris, me lad. But is it his manners he's forgettin'? If it wasn't treason, I'd suggest the Beetle had best be lookin' to his own country, and the little island to the west of his own—Havin' help them both!"

"Them Yanks don't trouble me none, Mulvaney, even if they does chuck their weight abaht a bit."

"Ho," said Mulvaney, "an' belikes ye don't know fwhere they got *that* characteristic. That's fwhat makes them an' you cousins, as 'tis said."

"But the paper says, too, that 'e says that the Yanks 'as got 'old of all the world's gold an' are 'oldin' on right tight to it."

"And ain't they? An' be all the Saints in the Calenther, Orth'ris, fwhere, fwhen, how an' fer fwhat

did Misther Kipling say all this *burra* nonsins?"

"'E says it in a hinterview to a woman reporter—"

"Fwhat! Ye little thick-headed loon, ye. Is that all? Have ye no brains' whather, Orth'ris, me lad?"

"I 'ave, Mulvaney."

"A divil uv a lot ye have. Not if ye're belavin' the foolish words uv a noospaper reportin' wumman. Will ye never grow intelligent, Orth'ris? Now there was a reportin' wumman I mind well at Pindi—"

A slow grin of relief spread over the face of the other Musketeer. "Blarst that!" he ordered, "that's another blinkin' story."

H. W. H.

Pertinent Prohibition Paragraphs

HAD you noticed, since Volstead began to rule (more or less) the land—

That:

A private stock consisting of two bottles of cooking sherry, one of Virginia corn whisky and a mess of synthetic gin, brings more social prestige than a faithful following of Couë methods?

That:

Among those in high places the public vote and the private thirst are

more likely to preserve a perfect balance than a unified whole?

That:

The best home brew evolved thus far, by the great American people, goes to prove that a compensation is something which does not quite compensate?

That:

Discussions of the Eighteenth Amendment are rapidly losing all traces of their one-time detached intellectual viewpoint?

That:

Regarding the fiery adherents of Volstead and all his works, comes seriously enough the query, both pertinent and impertinent, "Who drank in their family?"

That:

A card to your tried and true bootlegger is more valued than an introduction at your most exclusive club?

That:

Many of those most ardent in their cry for the protection of the working man's family life are going to Europe this year instead of California or Florida?

That:

Every one agrees that the present situation is absolutely poisonous but cannot seem to decide whether the source of evil is the Protectors of the Pure or the Unregenerated Individualists?

M. A. M.



Doctor: When did you first notice that Mike was sick?

Mrs. O'Flanahan: Sure, and he quit swearing day before yesterday.



OCTOBER 26, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 80. 2086

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THESE are pretty hot times; hot times for Lloyd George, whose recent management of Britain's foreign affairs does not give satisfaction in England; hot times for Eastern Europe, that sees the Turk moving fast and does not know where he will bring up; hot times for the Volstead Act, which under the guidance of Attorney-General Daugherty has intruded itself into the domestic economy not only of American ships but of all the foreign ships that come into American ports; hot times also in the competition for the governorship of New York, the urgency of which is increased by its relation to national politics.

Britain's concerns in the East have been muddled, and Lloyd George, as Premier, and as considerably his own foreign minister, is held responsible. In four years the Turks have come from an absolute defeat to the greatest military success they have known in centuries. During all those years Lloyd George has been Premier of England, and when concerned observers ask—How did it happen? he has to make reply. The calls for his resignation are much more impressive than usual. We shall see whether they bring anything other than the usual result.

The Volstead law is getting to be a good deal more than a joke. Under Mr. Daugherty's opinion foreign vessels must be entirely purified of intoxicants before they can come within the 3-mile limit of the United States. As an obstacle to trade, that almost beats the tariff. Possibly Mr. Daugherty's purpose is to beat the Volstead law, but, anyhow, that law is on trial, though the courts have

not yet passed on Mr. Daugherty's opinion, and until they do pass on it, it is no more than a working hypothesis.

As for the governorship of New York, there are two candidates, each of whom has had a term as governor, and has been highly commended for his labors. Mr. Miller has the advantage of Mr. Smith in that he has the office, and if re-elected can go right on on the lines he has followed. The strength of Mr. Smith's position is that he represents the best hopes and the best people of the Democracy of New York. Politically this year the election is a big fight, because if Mr. Miller can carry the state again, it will put him ahead as a presidential candidate. His success as governor has made him a national figure; accordingly, the gentlemen who do not want to change from Mr. Harding, are not very cordial to him nor he to them. He is out hammer and tongs to beat Mr. Smith, and both of the candidates are disparaging the administration of the other with great fervor.

If Mr. Miller wins there will be a good many new thoughts about the presidency. Mr. Harding's administration is not so popular as it was. It faces demands on all sides. Mr. Daugherty does not seem able to strengthen it by his legal experiments. A lot of people are dissatisfied with our isolation policy in foreign affairs. The tariff is sure to make trouble. Coal is going to be scarce; the farmers are poor and may not take kindly to an increased cost of living, and finally the enforcement of the Volstead law is becoming a public nuisance. If the Republican party is to carry the next election, it must find some new ways to endear itself to the voters.

A BIT of news was published in *The World* last June, to effect that Mr. James M. Beck had made a speech at the Oxford Union in England in which "his attacks on Mr. Wilson were so bitter and so vehement that they were followed by interruptions and disorder." This report was the occasion of some editorial remarks in *LIFE* about certain advantages to Mr. Wilson in being attacked by Mr. Beck. But here is a letter from the President of the Oxford Union which conveys a different impression from that of the *World's* report of the quality of Mr. Beck's remarks and their effect.

Metropolitan Club, Washington
Oct. 2nd, 1922.

To the Editor of *Life*:

MY DEAR SIR:—It has come to my notice that in your issue of June 29, 1922, you stated that Mr. James M. Beck had bitterly attacked Mr. Wilson at the Oxford Union and that, in consequence, he was subjected to interruption and disorder. This is untrue. The subject of debate was "that the present foreign policy of America is not worthy of her position as a world-power." I myself moved the resolution and from the very strong feeling in favour of Mr. Wilson prevalent at Oxford, I contemplated an overwhelming majority. In the speech that followed, Mr. Beck made an impression which will long be remembered at Oxford, and that he defeated my resolution is a convincing proof of his achievement. From his point of view it was essential that he should attack certain aspects of Mr. Wilson's Foreign Policy, but such attacks as he made were courteous and by no means personal. Since Mr. Beck was our guest it is binding on me to contradict this false impression. It must be remembered that an English audience invariably interrupts a public speaker with such interjections as "Hear, Hear" and "Question." If, however, I had been asked to give an opinion concerning Mr. Beck's reception, I should have described it as enthusiastic. Mr. Beck is well-known at Oxford as a friend of England, and his speech at the Union was regarded gratefully as a clear light on American opinion. I may add that I am myself a great admirer of Mr. Wilson and am over here to advocate the League of Nations in American Universities.

I am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,
EDWARD MARJORIBANKS,
President of the Oxford Union.

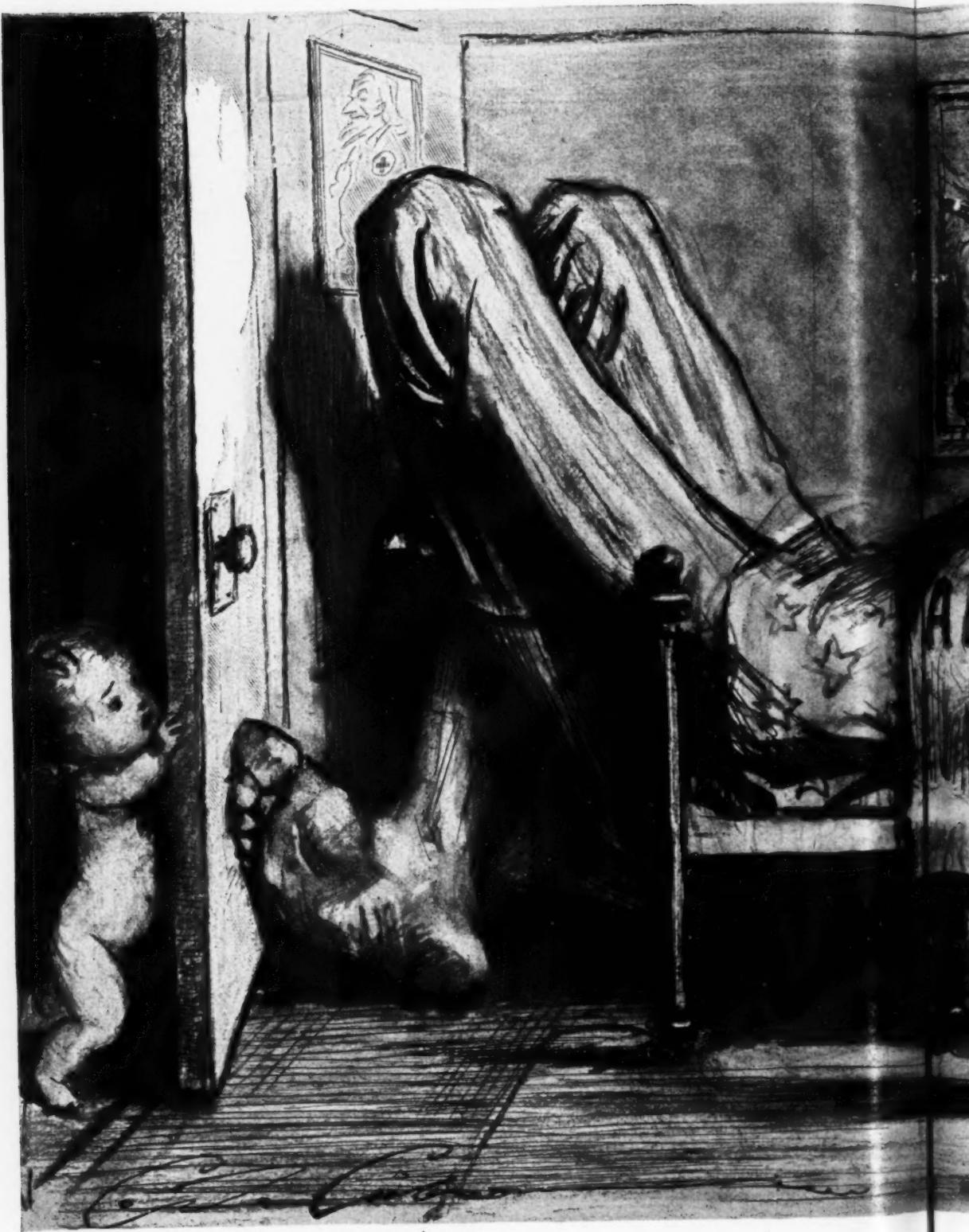
So far as we know, no report of Mr. Beck's Oxford Union speech was published in the American papers. It seems to have been an effective speech.

E. S. M.



"Russia to Aid Turkey Morally"

Headline in New York World



Time To Get

LIFE



me To Get Up.



No More Russians, Please!

WHEN, early this year, Mr. Gest brought over the company of bouncing Russian vaudeville artists from the Bat Theatre, there was at least a certain exotic quality to the proceedings which recommended them to many theatre-goers. The costumes had a lot of red in them and the scenery was painted on a bias, and Mr. Balieff's company performed their phenomenally juvenile antics with so much verve and naivete that society clapped its hands and murmured, "Charming, charming!" This particular department of LIFE was afflicted with sharp, localized pains by the tremendous to-do which was made, but we were easily voted down into social disgrace.

Now, within one week, comes a third bill of the Chauve-Souris and an entirely fresh team from the locker-building calling itself the "Revue Russe" which tears on the field at the Booth Theatre yipping and making faces and running through much the same series of plays as its opponents at the Century Roof. Its star feature is Mme. Maria Kousnezoff, who sings nice and loud, but as she persists in being a coloratura soprano in the face of our announced aversion to that form of singing, we had to go out and stand in the lobby while she executed the more offensive trills in her repertoire.



PERHAPS one of the chief troubles with these Russian vaudeville artists is their lack of suitable encore numbers. Let us say that they have just finished a song-and-dance called "Donka," in which a Cossack soldier is represented as courting the pretty *Donka* by puffing out his cheeks and rolling his eyes, to which she responds by rubbing her lower chest and singing a polka in a raucous squeak (Russian comedy at its highest development). The Cossack then has to ask *Donka*'s father for her hand, which he does by hunching himself across the stage in that depleting Russian hip-and-boot dance that they all have to do sooner or later, and is kicked in the stomach by the father, who has a bright red nose and cheeks.

This charming little number is greeted hysterically by all lovers of true art in the audience and an encore is demanded. Fine! They do the whole thing over again, from beginning to end, taking all repeats, first and second endings, coda and everything. A ten-minute number can in this way be stretched into twenty minutes, all of which helps to fill out the evening. But if we are going to have Russian entertainments for the rest of the winter, someone has simply got to think up some short encores, to fill the place that "Mighty Lak a Rose" fills in our own native entertainments, just short enough to answer the demand for an encore yet long enough to make the audience glad to have it stopped.

AND the next time my little boy tries to be comical by cocking his head on one side, blowing out his cheeks and waddling stiff-legged about the room, I will not say witheringly, as heretofore, "Now, Nat, that isn't funny." I will encourage him in it, buy him some red pants and a moujik's cap, get him to teach his little brother to do the same thing, and make a little money out of those boys by starting a Russian Frolic of my own. We may not have the class, but we have everything else.



WE must admit that it took us only one evening to see both "That Day" and "Dolly Jordan." They both opened on the same night, and we chose "That Day" because we like to look at Hedda Hopper. But at the end of the first act even that attraction couldn't dispel the feeling that to stay any longer would be violating the clause in our contract relative to the deliberate wasting of time, for "That Day" showed every symptom of developing into one of the worst cases of frost-bite that has been brought into this clinic since "Wild Oats Lane."

So we had lunch put up in a box and took a dog-sled way up to Sixty-Third St. to what has recently been re-christened "Daly's Theatre." As we arrived so late at "Dolly Jordan" we will not do it the injustice of attempting to review it, but can say only that it is a very costume play, around the time when men said "Ecod!" and slapped their thighs frequently. We didn't quite catch the story, but somehow we have got happily through the rest of the week without knowing what it was. On the receipt of a petition signed by five thousand subscribers to LIFE, we will attend "Dolly Jordan" again and see the first act.



"MALVALOCA," the first offering of the venture-some Equity Players, is a quiet Spanish play, which, while it may not make the commercial managers green with envy, disposes of the theory that actors cannot produce. The question of whether or not "Malvaloca" will be successful may be set aside in the argument, as the number of commercial managers themselves who have picked successful plays this season could be engraved on the head of a pin along with the Lord's Prayer. What "Malvaloca" has is an air of dignity and good taste which is welcome in the theatre, and the manner of its production and the evident *esprit* among the members of the cast (no one is starred, but it is no secret that Jane Cowl is in it and gives a splendid performance) augurs well for the time when someone writes a worthy play for the Equity Players.

R. C. B.

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"By the way, Hank, there's a little bill o' ninety cents agin you on my books."
 "By gum! Abner, you're the durndest feller to start an argument I ever seen."

Mrs. Twitter and Her Art Course

DEAR MADAM:

We are glad to note by your first drawing that you show decided artistic talent, and we are very confident that by careful application to our course, you will develop this talent to its fullest extent. Your straight line is almost as perfect as if it had been drawn with a ruler. Your curves (we mean the ones you *drew*, of course, Mrs. Twitter) are beautiful. You will probably find the next lessons harder, but we expect equally satisfactory results. May we remind you that your second payment will be due next Tuesday?

Yours sincerely,
 E. Z. ART CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

DEAR MRS. TWITTER:

The progress you are making is quite satisfactory to us and we wish to thank you for the check sent us. We wish, however, that you would in the future be careful about numbering the drawings, as otherwise it makes it difficult for us to identify them. We are not sure which you intended for the barrel and which for the house called for in Lesson No. 2; however, we wish to congratulate you. Both show a great deal of individuality and are characterized by their strong lines.

In reference to your query as to the best time of day

to devote to your drawing, we would say that we hope you will select whatever hours are most convenient to you, Mrs. Twitter.

Yours sincerely,
 E. Z. ART CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

DEAR MADAM:

We have received your drawings of the table, the flower and the banana, and think that you have done very well indeed. Only a very few of our students have done better, but our school is growing all the time.

Just a few minor criticisms are needed. The legs of the table seem to be uneven; only two—not four—should be on its front edge. If you will consult the original you will see that the legs were scattered about more.

As to the sunflower (or was the picture we sent for you to copy a daisy?) we would suggest that if possible an attempt be made in your next drawing not to give it quite so much the appearance of an explosion.

May we remind you, also, that your remittance for this month's installment has not yet arrived?

With best regards for continued success,

Yours sincerely,
 E. Z. ART CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
 (To be continued next week)

Hosanna to the Husband

THE bride, for the moment unbridled, wandered into the main lounge of the hotel. She missed the guiding hand of her master, and she was seeking him out.

Yes, there he was at the magazine stand where she had sent him forty minutes ago, buying a magazine from a dangerous-looking blonde. For a minute the little bride stood gazing pathetically, then with quickened pulse and palpitating breath she stole into the writing-room.

DEAR TIDDELDY (*she wrote*):

You will be surprised to hear from me on my honeymoon, and you will probably guess that it is only something of gravest importance that would bring a letter from me now. Tiddeldy, how can I tell you? I have been married only three days, and already I have found out something which has changed my whole life, and yours. I know that this is the truth, Tiddeldy, not idle guesswork, nor woman's intuition.

My husband is in love with your wife.

Come to me at once, Tiddeldy, and let us talk this over.

EVELYN.

Then she called a page and dispatched this little reminder to her errant husband.

I. V. V.

Those Who Stoop

SOME time ago Mr. Goldsmith asked this question: When lovely woman stoops to folly, And finds too late that men betray, What charm can soothe her melancholy? What art can wash her tears away?

The answer is substantially as follows:

One offer of \$1,000 a week in the movies.

One offer of \$500 a week for forty weeks in vaudeville.

One two-page spread, including six pictures of her in scanty attire, for the use of Sunday newspapers.

One newspaper reproduction of her portrait, painted by Signor Paloosa, while she was said to be considering an offer of marriage from the Prince of Nutmegolia.

One diary written by her press agent, but bearing her own signature, for syndicate use and book publication.

Seven rumors that she is responsible for the suicide of assorted prominent men in this country and abroad.

Sunday editorials wondering if, after all, she is to blame.

One sermon denouncing her as a scarlet woman.

One suggestion, immediately hooted down, that if she had kept still nobody would have known anything about it.

T. S. E.



"Mornin', Hank! Whatcher doin' up thar?"

"Waal! The old woman is figgerin' on drivin' th' Ford an' I'm a-makin' the garage door five foot wider."



IN "Neither Here Nor There" (George H. Doran Co.) we have at least thirty more of the delightful turns of Oliver Herford's mind. His lament at the outset that there is nothing new under the sun is amusingly belied by all the other papers in his book. Had it ever occurred to you, for instance, that our country would have an eighteen-carat leisure class to-day if the thrifty Puritans had intermarried with the American Indians? That Joseph Pennell is only partly right in his attack on the bill-boards? That you can save a lot of money by taking as many taxicabs as possible each day? That cats are proved to be people on the testimony of Solomon and Noah Webster? That man would probably walk sideways if a lateral trouser crease ever came into fashion? That the dancing man has a psychology peculiar to himself? That the "peaches" on magazine covers have a demoralizing influence on the impressionable young girl of to-day?

* * *

Those are only a few of Mr. Herford's texts, all of which are developed with his characteristic lightness and surety of touch. An artist should be rated according to his ability to get enduring results quietly from tenuous material. Almost any composer can do a passable andante, but there aren't many good scherzos in the world.

* * *

Oliver Herford ranks high. What does it matter who shows us the stodgy main streets of Mentality, as long as we have him to lead us down its charming bypaths?

THE past performances of W. B. Maxwell have earned him an enviable reputation. Whenever a book appears over his signature now, people say, "A new one by W. B. Max-

he may appear to wobble a bit in the fourth or sixth, finishes up creditably and awakens the reflection that there was never any need to worry about him. He had something all the time.

And speaking of his past performances, nobody can ever forget that he wrote "Mrs. Thompson." I'm much more interested in your reading "Mrs. Thompson," if you haven't already done so, than the book which I'm going to talk about in a minute.

* * *

"Spinster of This Parish" (Dodd, Mead) is his latest. It is the story of Emmeline Verinder, who, way back in 1895 when H. G. Wells was unheard of and Nora Helmer not even a name to the reading public, ran away with the man she loved and lived with him in unlawful wedlock. The only fault I have to find with the whole book is the place to which she ran with him. With the world so full of geography, it seems a little hard that Mr. Maxwell should have picked on the Andes mountains.

* * *

I've reached the point, after the deluge of literary backdrops reflecting kitchens and God's great outdoors, where I like characters in fiction or on the stage to start off in the drawing-room and stay there. I want them to be garbed in the *derniers cris* from Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix and to talk more or less like any

given page of Oscar Wilde. The gamut of human emotion can be run just as easily in marble halls as anywhere else, and in them you don't encounter any dialect, except possibly that of an occasional footman.

The reason Mr. Maxwell throws part of his story against the Andes

New Books for Old

THE novels of the elder day—
Will never do for me!
I hate their mush and mortgages,
And loathe their purity!
But ah, the bold and bilious tomes
That from the presses roll!
That paint in harsh and naughty words
The sorrows of the soul!

They pick apart a country town
To see what makes it tick—
They linger lightly on the sun,
And smear the shadows thick.
I love the pallid penman who
Mistrusts his constitution,
And scents in every tummy ache
Approaching dissolution.

For after all, you know, this life
Is really mostly rot—
And very little really Is,
While nearly all Is Not.
There's little call for virtue now,
While vice is all the rage—
So why not vivisect the heart
And splash it on the page?

Three honest though asthmatic cheers
For realistic boys—
Their egoistic microscopes—
Their mad and morbid joys!
What if their men need liver pills—
Their women all are lizards?
At least they boast miasmic souls,
Instead of merely gizzards!

L. H.

well? I must get it. I've always liked him. He's a good writer." And he is. Inasmuch as this article is being written during the world's series, a figure from the diamond comes to mind which describes him perfectly. Mr. Maxwell is like a dependable pitcher who, although

region is that Miss Verinder's lover was an explorer who had to go to some such place. But you can skip it, dear readers, unless you are like the man I met last night—an explorer himself—who is going to buy the book simply because of it. For the heroine is brought back to London and put into a comfortable flat in Orchard Gardens.

* * *

Mr. Maxwell handles intelligently the idea of a woman's giving up everything for love. It is well enough for stout hearts and strong minds, he implies, but not at all the thing for those who bend easily under blows. Miss Verinder could do it and come out beautifully, but she couldn't sit by quietly and let little Mildred Barker go in for the same experience. She saw to it that Mildred had benefit of clergy.

In addition to a stout heart and mental straightforwardness, Mr. Maxwell was careful to endow his heroine with a handsome fortune of her own. And that, it seems to the present reviewer, is a point which shouldn't be overlooked.

Bridge Post-Impressions

LEAD the fourth highest in your longest suit and subtract the cube root of eleven from pi times the radius squared. Define a surd; define two surds; define a half-dozen surds; what is their price, f.o.b., Detroit? If your partner bids one no trump, watch your step. Never take a divorcee out in a major suit; not even in a minor one. Don't shoot until you see the whites of their aces. You must have tops, and three in support, or you are due for some wintry glances. Call out the trump. If it won't come, call out the Fire Department. Lead through weaknesses, but keep your powder dry. Two lines are parallel if no one pushes them apart. It is all right in most cases to start from the bottom and work up, but not with a deck of cards. Learn how to keep score. You have no idea how much that helps. Never make a grand slam; the ladies will do that, conversationally and otherwise.

When you are sure that you know the game, remember Elwell. He was supposed to know it, too.

The Wonders of Radio

MANY people do not appreciate the wonders of radio. For those who, not having bought a radio set, do not know the wonderful things radio will do, I give the following items:

It will take a political speech which nobody wants to hear and deliver it in the homes of a million people.

It will take crop estimates and agricultural reports for Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Minnesota and Montana and deliver them nightly to practically every apartment house in New York City.

It will take weather predictions for New York City and deliver them with great clearness in Seattle, Spokane and Puget Sound.

It will take a lecture on "How to Keep Hair from Gathering in a Military Brush" and send it two thousand miles with never a break.

It has been able to broadcast a speech by Senator James A. Reed with every word as clear and as distinct as a bell.

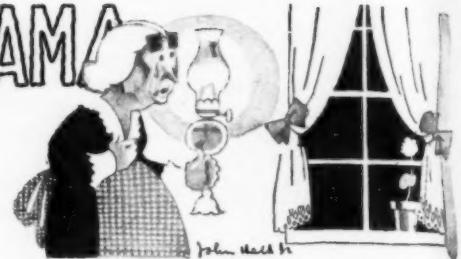
It will garble a speech by Herbert Hoover beyond recognition.



"If ya wants to rake it in I'll tell ya how! I starts to play 'Home, Sweet Home', then I busts down 'n
cries me eyes out."
"Oh, Gawd! If I only could."



THE SILENT DRAMA



Heart Interest

SOME months back, I had occasion to lament the quality of the heart interest in contemporary movies—the old mothers placing lights in windows, the misunderstood ingenues, and all their fellow tear promoters. At the same time, I expressed the belief that heart interest could be legitimate on the screen—just as it is in life—and that the spectator's lachrymal glands could be squeezed by other than artificial means.

This week, two pictures come to hand which serve to substantiate my statement. They are both overflowing with heart interest, and they are both genuine.

"Oliver Twist"

THE first is Jackie Coogan's production of "Oliver Twist," which has been awaited with no little expectancy by those who believe that, after all, something can really be done with the movies.

"Oliver Twist" is not a disappointment. Frank Lloyd, who directed it, and Jackie Coogan, the star, have lived up to the rather formidable traditions which Dickens's story has imposed upon them, and they have created a photoplay which is faithful to its original and, at the same time, valuable as a motion picture.

I HAVE heard people object to Jackie Coogan as *Oliver* on the ground that he is too young. But this is a silly criticism. It is founded on the popular misconception of *Oliver* provided by previous dramatizations of the novel, in which the part has always been played by mature ladies.

It was the same idea which impelled a critic to protest because a mere slip of a girl, twenty-two years of age, was cast as *Juliet*, although Shakespeare's heroine was actually only fourteen. This critic considered it a sacrilege for any actress to

tackle the rôle until she had passed forty.

Anyone who doubts that Jackie Coogan is competent to play *Oliver Twist* will do well to see the picture. For this child is incredible. There is not one false note in his entire performance—not one moment when he steps out of his part and becomes a cute, movie kid doing cute, movie tricks.

Jackie Coogan is an artist (I think I have said that before), not because he possesses the power of mimicry, or because he can behave just as the director tells him, but because he possesses that power of appreciation which is only present in a born actor. He can feel the character which he is called upon to create. It is not a mechanical process, by any manner of means, but an inbred sense. In this respect, an actor is an artist.

ASIDE from his splendid direction in "Oliver Twist," Frank Lloyd has distinguished himself for his intelligent adaptation of the story. He has seen to it that Charles Dickens was not lost in the shuffle. The dramatic sequence has been so well arranged that no part of the eight reels is permitted to lag, and none of the story's vitality has been weakened by insipid treatment.

The cast which Mr. Lloyd has selected is generally good, the particularly bright spots being furnished by Gladys Brockwell, Lionel Belmore and Lewis Sargent.

ALL in all, "Oliver Twist" is a distinct credit to the movies. It is one of the few really great pictures of this or any other year.

"Remembrance"

ALTHOUGH I have had occasion to praise Jackie Coogan in several previous reviews, it is a new sensation to find myself stepping forth and proposing three cheers for Rupert Hughes. But, in the case of

"Remembrance," this undignified behavior is necessary.

"Remembrance" represents Mr. Hughes's most successful screen effort to date. It is so much better than "The Old Nest" that it will probably make only half as much money.

Like "The Old Nest," it is the story of an American family; but unlike "The Old Nest," the family is a prosperous one, and the sympathetic attention of the audience is focused on the father rather than the mother. And also, unlike "The Old Nest," the story is logical and convincingly human.

THE hero of "Remembrance" is an old man (played, with considerable dignity, by Claude Gillingwater) who has risen from the ranks to a position of prominence in the world of commerce. His family has risen with him, but has travelled at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour, as compared with his twenty. The mother and the five children have hopelessly outclassed the old man in point of speed, and they have no respect for him except as a signer of checks.

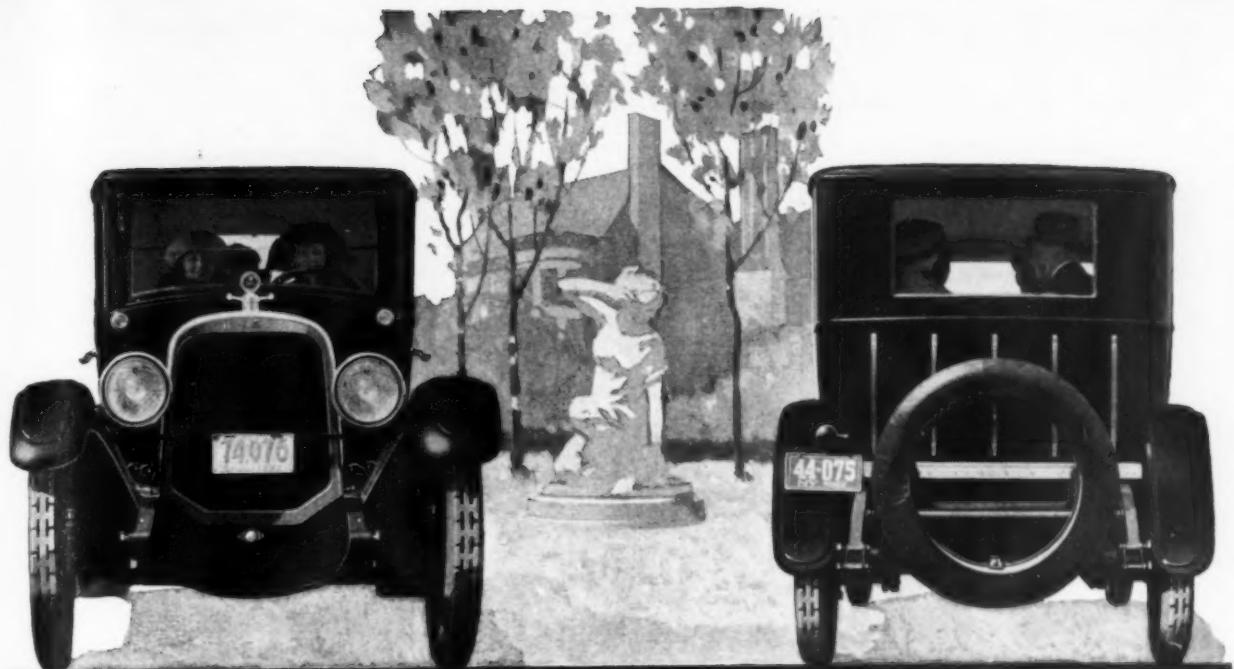
He falls sick and is at the point of death. Then the smart-aleck element in his family wakes up, and begins to realize that he was worth something to them, even if he did wear Congress gaiters. When he arises from his bed of pain, he finds that he is once more welcome in his own home.

That is all there is to the story. But it is enough. Mr. Hughes has written it well and, more than that, has directed it well, so that "Remembrance" is excellent both from a dramatic and a technical point of view.

ALL of which should go to prove that heart interest can be legitimate—provided you treat it right.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31.)



Coming or Going - A Car of Distinction

THE PRIDE which an older generation found in smart equipage is revived and modernized in the new Chandler Six Metropolitan Sedan.

It is here illustrated in two rather unusual views, so that the novel grace and beauty of every line may clearly show.

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The Smash-Up

A man came into the club the other day with his face half-hidden by sticking plaster.

"A motorist friend of mine has just met with a nasty accident," he explained.

"But what have you been doing?" we asked in chorus.

"Oh, I was the nasty accident!"
—Eve (London).

The Movie Method

MA (to Willie): Willie, what did you study in school today?

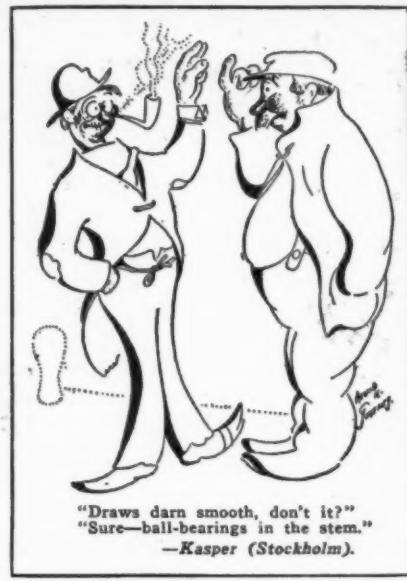
WILLIE: We had two films of history and one reel of geographies.

—Atlanta Constitution.

PROFESSOR CARMICHAEL says that the man who smokes is a fool. Professor Carmichael talks like a man who smokes.—Boston Transcript.

PALMIST: Tell your fortune?

PASSERBY: No, thanks. I know how much it is.—Nashville Tennessean.



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The Vanishing West

A woman who had been visiting in the West and who had seen many interesting Indians bought some Indian dolls for her little New York friends.

The dolls were dressed in Indian fashion—shawl, colored handkerchief about head, moccasins, patchwork skirt and hand-made stockings. When she got home she looked to see what kind of underwear the Indians had made for the Indian dolls, and every one of them wore a georgette chemise!

—New York Sun.

Assurance Doubly Sure

MASTER (to cook): You haven't forgotten to put a silver quarter in with the mushrooms to make sure they aren't poisonous?

COOK: To make absolutely sure, I put in fifty cents.—L'Illustration (Paris).

Uses of the Dictionary

The dictionary is a comforting book. One always can find how to spell a word if one knows how to spell it in the first place so one can find it in the dictionary.—Seattle Times.

THE collection of German marks as a hobby is another form of Zero worship.—Punch.

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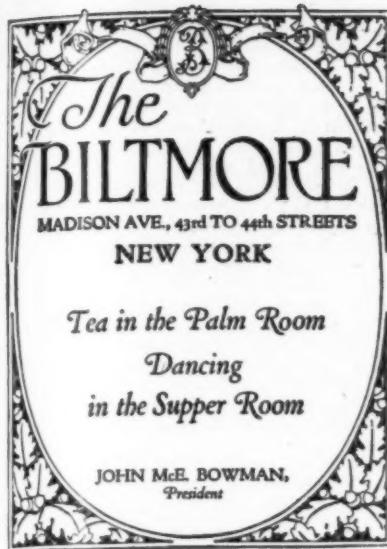
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How to Beat the Coal Game

JUST before the ambulance came, J. Jones had a lucid moment. I had rushed across to his house when his wife telephoned that he had become violent. He had been calm all that morning, spending his usual two hours happily in the cellar, trying to dislodge a clinker from the furnace grate. When he did not come upstairs to lunch, Mrs. Jones went down and found him, with his head and shoulders in the ash pit, babbling about saving coal.

I was sitting on his chest in the hall when he began to talk. He asked me to move south a little, and then went on:

"Until this fall I was a contented, prosperous man. Then I began to listen to what my friends said about firing their furnaces and the number of tons of coal they used. I began to think about it and soon I was lying awake at night and in the daytime I would find myself figuring on the backs of old envelopes. I was soon in the secondary stage, clipping the advice on coal saving from the newspapers and sending to Washington for government pamphlets on stocking. And then, at last, I yielded to mad desire, discharged the furnace man who had been with us twenty years and took over the firing myself.

"You see the result. My wife managed to keep my condition from the neighbors for a while, but I could see she was watching me all the time. I fear I am going to be in the hospital a long time. I wish you would order twenty-five tons of anthracite, regardless of price, and tell my old furnace man to come back. And let me know if he gets that clinker out, will you?"

McC. H.

Try It On Your Own Husband

SHE was just a plain, simple, ordinary-looking woman—in fact, she was homely. She had none of the graces and attractions one naturally expects from women, but her husband loved her dearly. "He had eyes for no other woman," as the saying goes. When he went out with her he seemed totally oblivious of other women. He was completely wrapped up in his wife. He often called her "Gem" and "Diamond," and I think he meant it.

At first I could not understand his great devotion, and then one day I saw.

The reason was that when he dropped something on the table-cloth, his wife did not lean across the table before the company and scoop it up.

It would not surprise me if, at their golden wedding anniversary, the two wandered off together and completely forgot their guests.

H. C.



YOU scratched that date on the metal cover of your Williams' Stick the first day you used it. At last it's worn down to the collar. Now—read the date on the stick—it's your evidence—your positive proof—that Williams' Holder Top is the Long Life Stick.

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Williams' gives Long Life Comfort—a soothed face, a smooth face; all day, every day. Your first Williams' shave will tell you that, and your thousandth will confirm it. *Prove it yourself—use coupon below.*

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"Your husband 'as got to look shabby lately."

"Well, it's really a blessin' in disguise, Mrs. Miggs; yer see, it saves me all the expense of 'avin' to dress up to 'im."

—Reproduced from *Punch* (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Illustration of a man in a top hat and coat, looking at a woman in a dress.

No Doubt

Marjorie and Eddie had both been told that they must write letters of thanks for the outside Christmas gifts they had received. Marjorie sat down and quickly wrote:

"Thank you so much for the fountain pen. It's what I've always needed."

Meanwhile Eddie was chewing the end of his penholder for inspiration. As his sister laid aside her first letter, he surreptitiously glanced at it. Then he wrote:

"Thank you so much for the handkerchiefs. They're what I've always needed."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

At the Amateur Play

REGINALD: At last, my love, we are together! Rest you in these arms for ever! (Aside, to man in the wings.) Step lively there with the curtain! Do you suppose we want to stay this way all night?

HORTENSE (as the curtain drops): For ever!

—*Weekly Telegraph* (London).

Gentlemen and Players

According to Yale, Harvard and Princeton, there has been too much of this business of not letting the left guard know what the right guard doeth in the matter of paying his college expenses.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

Bel-Esprit

"She is very clever but terribly malicious."

"Oh, well, there are a lot of malicious people who aren't the least bit clever."—*L'Illustration* (Paris).

A TWELVE-YEARS-OLD London boy has made a gramophone all by himself. We are glad to hear that his kind father has freely forgiven the erring lad.

—*Ideas* (London).

The Proprieties

Fame of the amateur nights at certain burlesque houses has travelled far. A young woman from Boston, having seen the other sights of New York, persuaded a friend to escort her to such an entertainment, where, she was told, comedy ruled without intermission.

Surroundings entirely new to her won praise and comment, and quite impressive was the blue smoke fog that rose from the cigars and cigarettes of the patrons. Inspired by the sight, she lit a cigarette.

It was during the intermission and the manager saw her.

"Hey, lady, you'll have to cut that out," he exploded. "We don't have that here."

"I don't see any harm in it," she said. "Why, I was at the opera last night and smoked there."

A hurt expression appeared on the burlesque operator's face.

"Lady," he said with emphasis, "this is a respectable house."

—*New York Sun*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Point of View

"Now, Mr. Smith," said the Law Professor, "will you please tell the class what weight you would give to circumstantial evidence?"

"I will, sir," said the Student, "if you will tell me whether I am supposed to be prosecuting attorney or counsel for the defendant."

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

The Curiosity

AIKEN: I was just reading about a dog that wears a wrist watch.

PAYNE: Ah, but the real curiosity is the dog's owner.

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

MOVIE VAMP: Haven't you a tighter gown than this?

TIRED WARDROBE MANAGER: No, madam, I am a costumier, not a taxidermist.—*Passing Show* (London).

"There is something fine about it"

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The Fine Art of Bathroom Vocalism

It has often been said that music's place is in the home. Grand Opera Houses, Concert Halls and the like may be all right for professional singers and instrumentalists, but the average citizen should limit his melodic efforts to the four walls of his own residence. And there is no part of the home so admirably suited to the worship of Calliope as the bathroom.

Here, indeed, the most unmusical person can afford to run wild—and usually does. There is something about the construction of a bathroom which impels one to burst into song. Even the falsest note, reverberating back from the glistening surface of the imitation tiles, will assume a quality of resonance out of all proportion to its real merits.

I have known many men whose attitude toward music was, "I can take it or leave it alone." Ordinarily, they could not stumble halfway through "Some Sunny Day," and had no will to make the effort. Palestrina, Tschaikovsky, Dvorak were just unpronounceable words to them, ranking in the same vague category with Przemysl.

But once these men stepped within the enveloping spray of a shower bath, their harmonic inhibitions would fall from them like adjectives from a press agent's lips, and they would proceed to cut loose with a volley of concertos, arias and fugues. The more ambitious the selection, the better they liked it.

I myself have been known to sing

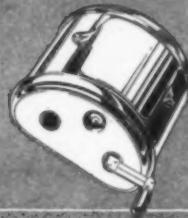


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FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



all six parts of the sextette from "Lucia" during the course of one shower, stopping only to remove particles of soap from my eyes.

There have been various sporadic efforts to promote interest in community singing. Choral societies have been organized in all parts of the country, and musical get-togethers have been held in public places. Some of these have been largely attended; and yet, for all that, the movement has been a failure. Nobody will sing.

But I know a remedy. Instead of staging these song-fests in parks and playgrounds, the choral societies should confine their activities to huge bathrooms, constructed for the purpose from municipal funds. All the guests should be dressed in bathing suits, and placed under individual showers. Then let the music start.

The resultant uproar would surpass anything since the days of the first Wagnerian festivals at Bayreuth.

R. E. S.



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Three Talented Artists Joined in Designing This Lamp



The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller" in the stores. But this exquisite little lamp—"Aurora" as it has been named by an artist, because of the purity of its "Greek lines"—was designed by the admitted talents of an architect and interior decorator, a painter, and a famous sculptress, who were working not to make a "big seller" for the stores, but solely to design a lamp of true artistry and proportions, with real grace, symmetry and beauty, yet of great practicability.

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Send me at the League members' special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay postman \$3.50 plus the postage when delivered. (Shipping weight only 5 lbs.) If not satisfactory I can return lamp within five days and you are to refund my money.

Check finish desired—Statuary Bronze or Ivory White

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The Woman on the Floor Above Worries Me

THE woman on the floor above worries me.
Her inquisitive glances upset me.
Her rasping voice annoys me.
When I return home at three in the morning I suspect that she does not approve of my actions.
When I lie late in bed I feel sure she is distressed.
She is suspicious of everything.
And especially of me.
I can't get away with a thing.
She always knows when I've had a drop or two.
She can invariably tell where I've been.
But I'll fool her some day and not come home at all.
The woman on the floor above worries me.
I'm married to her. C. G. S.

Not for Him

FLUBB: Has your wife a trusting disposition?

DUBB: No. She seldom gives me credit for anything.

LIFE

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

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History

IN the Twelfth Century, Robin Hood was declared a highwayman. To-day his memory is revered. Robin was a friend of the poor and an enemy of the rich.

IN the Eighteenth Century, Captain Kidd was esteemed a pirate. To-day his good name is defended by historians. Captain Kidd was not a pirate. He was the innocent and patriotic victim of a mutinous crew.

IN the Nineteenth Century, Jesse James was regarded as a bandit. To-day, he is being hailed into the hall of fame. He was only a rebel against the oppression of a majority.

IN the Twentieth Century, we have the ticket speculator.

And we defy posterity to mitigate our opinion. W. C.

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NON-ALCOHOLIC Extracts



Sunday Silence

Slow lapping waves in dignity approach the shore,
Like chubby deacons down the lake's long aisle.
Clouds, hiding flecks of sunlight in the gloom,
Hang intricately gothic and too high.
Oh, how I hate a Sunday afternoon!
So decorously mournful! If I swim
Down to the rocky pews with seaweed rails
I'll find a godly group of sober fish—
A congregation kneeling on their tails!

E. N. C.



REGARDLESS OF COST
The Flapper: Yes, I made him take me to dinner at the Florentine. Then we did a theatre, with flowers and a huge box of chocolates, and wound up with champagne and oysters at the Valhalla and a taxi home. We had a lovely time!
The Sceptic: What, both of you?

—Bulletin (Sydney).

THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

NOTE

The following list includes those pictures which, in LIFE's opinion, are the best that have been produced thus far in 1922. Those marked with a star are exceptionally good.

***Tol'able David.** *First National*, with Richard Barthelmess; directed by Henry King.

***Orphans of the Storm.** *United Artists*, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish; directed by D. W. Griffith.

Foolish Wives. *Universal*, by and with Erich von Stroheim.

One Glorious Day. *Paramount*, with Will Rogers; written and directed by Walter Woods and James Cruze.

The Cradle Buster. *Film Guild*, with Glenn Hunter; directed by Frank Tuttle.

The Sin Flood. *Goldwyn*, with Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix; directed by Frank Lloyd.

***Grandma's Boy.** *Pathé*, with Harold Lloyd.

***The Loves of Pharaoh.** *Paramount*, directed by Ernest Lubitsch.

The Prisoner of Zenda. *Metro*, with Alice Terry; directed by Rex Ingram.

Sherlock Holmes. *Goldwyn*, with John Barrymore; directed by Albert Parker.

Trouble. *First National*, with Jackie Coogan.

Sonny. *First National*, with Richard Barthelmess; directed by Henry King.

Yellow Men and Gold. *Goldwyn*, with Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix.

Watch Your Step. *Goldwyn*, with Cullen Landis and Patsy Ruth Miller; directed by William Beaudine.

Our Leading Citizen. *Paramount*, with Thomas Meighan; written by George Ade.

***Nanook of the North.** *Pathé*, directed by Robert J. Flaherty.

Salome. *First National*, with Nazimova.

The Dictator. *Paramount*, with Wallace Reid; written and directed by Walter Woods and James Cruze.

Fools First. *First National*, directed by Marshall Neilan.

***The Eternal Flame.** *First National*, with Norma Talmadge; directed by Frank Lloyd.

Just Tony. *Fox*, with Tom Mix and his horse.

Blood and Sand. *Paramount*, with Rudolph Valentino; directed by Fred Niblo.

***When Knighthood Was in Flower.** *Paramount*, with Marion Davies; directed by Robert Vignola.

***Oliver Twist.** *First National*, with Jackie Coogan; directed by Frank Lloyd.

Remembrance. *Goldwyn*, written and directed by Rupert Hughes.

For Review Next Week—"The Bond Boy," "The Old Homestead" and "Trifling Women."

AUNT PRUDENCE: Here, Tom, you must keep awake during the sermon.

"Huh-um, yeah—but that's just what puts me to sleep."

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The Knitter

AS demurely you went on a-rocking,
Rap! Rap! Rap! Upon the hardwood floor,
Like the overdue-account man knocking,
Frigidly insistent, at the door,
I was moved to marvel at the candor,
With which you had discussed some friend—and panned
her.

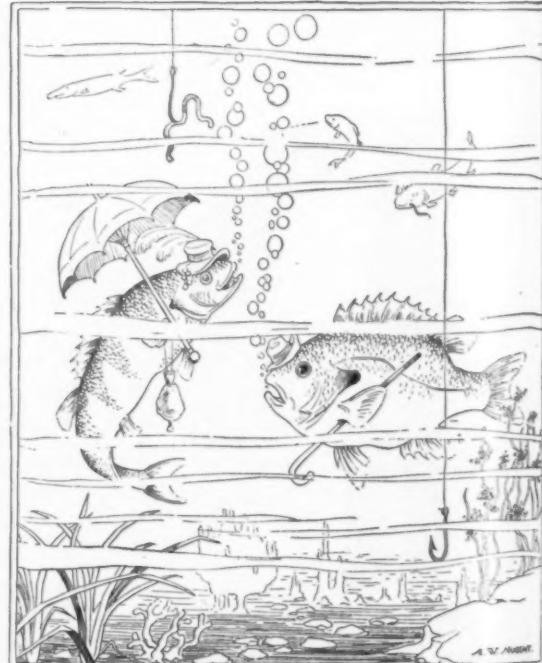
"Charming girl!" A clicking of your needles,
As the skein so skillfully you knit.
"Marvellous how easily she wheedles
Money out of Jack—and more of it;
He, who was so tight. It must delight her—
Before she asks, you know, she makes him tighter."

"Molla married!" Slowly you unravel
Fleecy wool, where you had dropped a stitch.
"That poor child was so intent on travel
Sitting still a moment made her twitch,
Though, of course, one hardly cared to blame her
For searching worlds to find someone to claim her."

"Jane at Reno! Somewhat unexpected!"
What vicious, deadly jabs your needle made,
Through some unresisting mark projected.
"Still, I must admit I was afraid.
Even such a stupid man as Wessbrook
Was bound, in time, to find his wife's address book."

As demurely you went on a-rocking,
Reaching farther for each new recoil,
Verging ev'ry moment on the shocking,
Some nice balance always seemed to foil
Imminent disaster; but your knitting
At last became entangled—which was fitting.

J. K. M.



Poor Fish

Sunfish: What has become of your old friend
Bullhead?
Perch: Oh, he had an idea that he was an
actor, so he decided to go on the stage and
got the hook.

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And remember when little Jasper came, how the

doctor filled in "Son" on the certificate, and signed his name with a flourish . . . where? Why, on that dotted line.

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THEMISTOCLES, the old Athenian warrior, seemed to have a hard time of it, and yet his place in history is everlasting. He started off with personal vanity at his masthead, and carried pride through to his grave. When his followers would build triumphal memorials to his valor he would insist on having cut therein "I, Themistocles, the Athenian, did this or did that." After a while the people began to laugh at him, but he proved his right to pride at Marathon and at Salamis. Yet he was finally exiled. While in banishment Xerxes, the Persian, captured him. Despite his dismissal by his country Themistocles fervidly avowed his patriotism, refused the offers of his captor, declared anew

"I, Themistocles, the Athenian, won at Marathon and at Salamis, and the evils that I have done to the Persians are numerous; my mind is suited to my calamities; I am prepared alike for favors and for anger; my wife and my children have been provided for—therefore, oh Persian King, I, Themistocles, the Athenian, am ready to die." Sturdy old fighter that he was he included in his speech of defiance "My wife and my children have been provided for." Throughout his campaigns, in all his struggles against his enemies, there was always a thought for his family's future. Still in these peaceful times, with life insurance an easy matter, there are many who cannot say as much. Why is it so?

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